

## Mountain Goats "Distant Stations"

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I found an old rock  
In the dry dirt outside  
The door of my hotel room  
It was a triangle with soft rounded edges  
And a split down the middle of one corner  
It was darker than english moss  
Green like the soft frill's of a peacock's plume  
I waited for you  
But I never told you where I was  
It was you who taught me how  
To write these kinds of equations  
I waited on the steps for you  
And I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the  
parking lot  
You taught me how to listen to these distant stations  
Distant stations

I saw the sky break  
I threw a rock at a crow who was playing  
In the rose bushes by the motel office  
Missed him by a good yard or two

I sang old songs from nowhere  
Los Angeles, Albuquerque  
Said a small prayer for the poor and the naked and the  
hungry  
And I prayed real hard for you  
I waited for you  
But I never told you where I was  
It was you who taught me how  
To write this kind of equation  
I waited on the steps for you  
And I hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the  
parking lot  
You taught me how to listen to these distant stations  
Distant stations

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